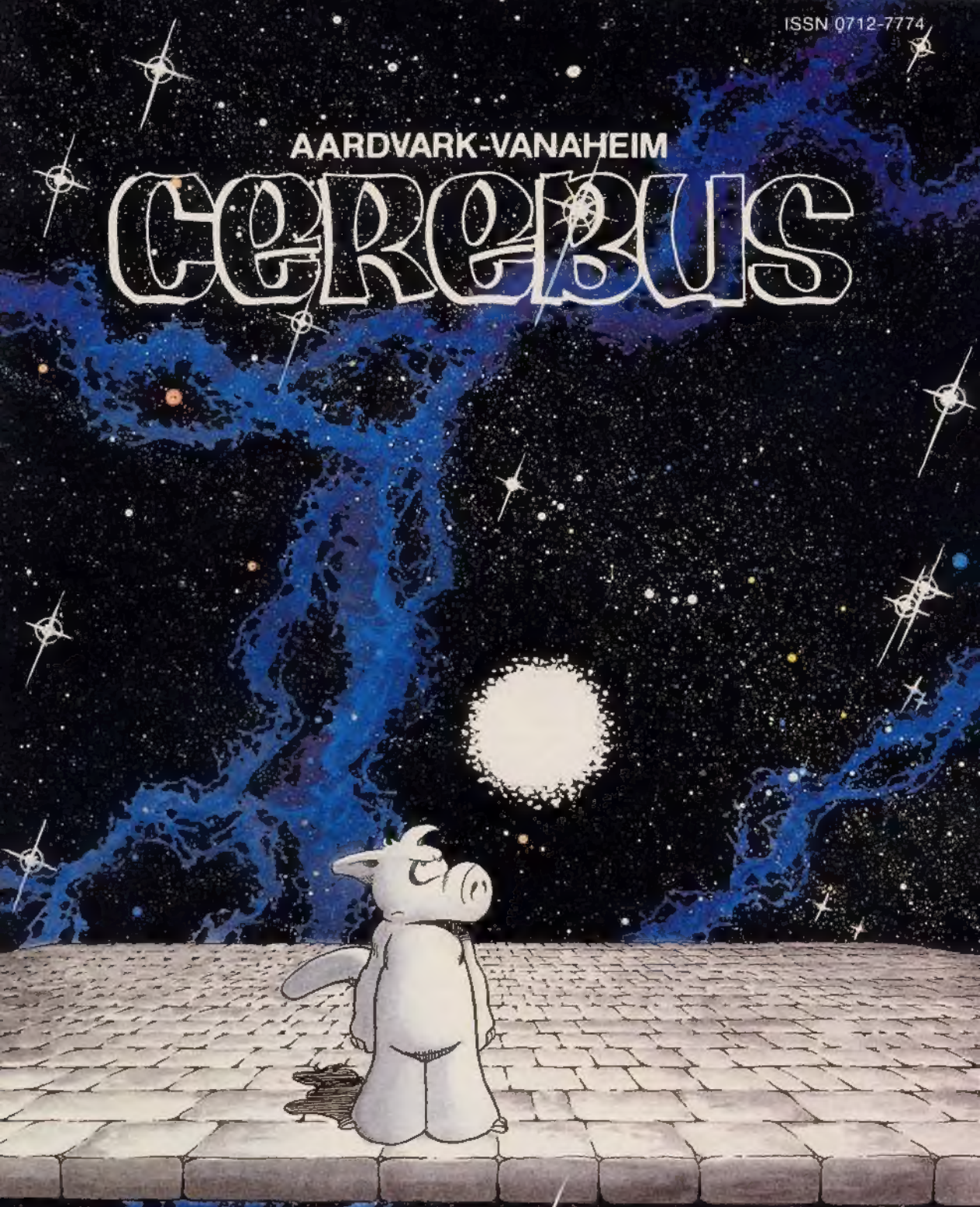
ISSN 0712-7774

AARDVARK-VANAHEIM

CEREBUS



Talking to Tarim

91 OCT

2.00 CANADA
1.70 IN U.S.

N O T E • F R O M • T H E P R E S I D E N T

There are definitely times when this all becomes worthwhile.

For instance?

Glad you asked. A few days before Gerhard and I were set to leave for Philadelphia and New York to do Fred Greenberg's Marketplace shows, a letter arrived from Ken Viola informing me that he was working on a film "Master of Comic Book Art" and that he hoped I would consent to do an interview with him for the film, either in New York or here in Kitchener. Being a New Yorker Ken knew that it's always nice to give a little something if you want a little something (Yeah? What's in it f'me?).

Well, campers, he invited Ger and I to be his guests at the Eric Clapton show at the Ritz Club. I told Karen to phone and tell him we would be delighted. Eric Clapton in a club? You bet your ass we'd be delighted. Mind you I wasn't getting my hopes up... there have been a few occasions when people have offered your humble narrator the moon and turned out to be full of, how you say, merde.

But he dropped by the table late in the afternoon and dropped off the tickets. "9:00 show doors open at 7:30". Two blocks from the club there are people with "need tickets" signs. When we got there, the line stretched down 11th to 3rd, down 3rd to 10th and down 10th past the parking lot. To say the people at the end of the line were a little twitchy is to understate the matter dramatically.

"C'n we see youah tickets? We scalped 'n' I wanna know if d'tickets is good".

D' tickets looked good. A girl behind us wanted to check as well.

"Moy sistuh got dese. I hope dey ain't counnafit".

I said we had our tickets given to us.

They all looked at me like I landed from Mars.

"Someone **gave** you Clapton tickets?"

At that very moment Ken walked up.

"**Here** you are. I thought I'd find you out here. You're not supposed to wait in line. C'mon, c'mon."

He looked at us with that manner New Yorkers have when contemplating a non-New Yorker that says anyone who lives anywhere else has got to be, somehow, kidding. A brisk walk down 10th, down 3rd and down 11th and there we was -- er -- were. Ken dove between two football player size guys who looked at Ger and I like we were Go-bots and it might be interesting to see what kind of cars we would be reassembled as. Ken turned and said "Dese two. Dere wit' me."

Inside. Safe.

So there we are, sucking on a couple of Rolling Rock beers. Maybe fifteen feet from the stage. By nine o'clock the place was packed (goin' 'round and 'round). About 9:30 Slowhand took the stage. After three songs I had the same feeling I get drinking too much good champagne too quickly. It was amazing, awesome.

Pick your own superlative. The man **is** God.

With two songs to go, he stepped up to the mike and said "I'd like to introduce a blood brother of mine, Mr. Keith Richards."

Gerhard, who was about four feet behind me and to the right, claims that I jumped about four feet, five feet and seven feet in the air in rapid sequence. I was screaming "Keef! Keef!" They did killer versions of "Cocaine" and "Layla". By the end of it I was one big aching muscle from head to foot.

Thanks, Ken.

There are definitely times when this all becomes worthwhile.

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We are planning a World Tour for late 1987.

Countries where we have all our appearances confirmed are Canada, the United States, England, France and Germany.

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No cost to you. (neat huh?)

CEREBUS

No. 91 OCTOBER 1986

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33,000

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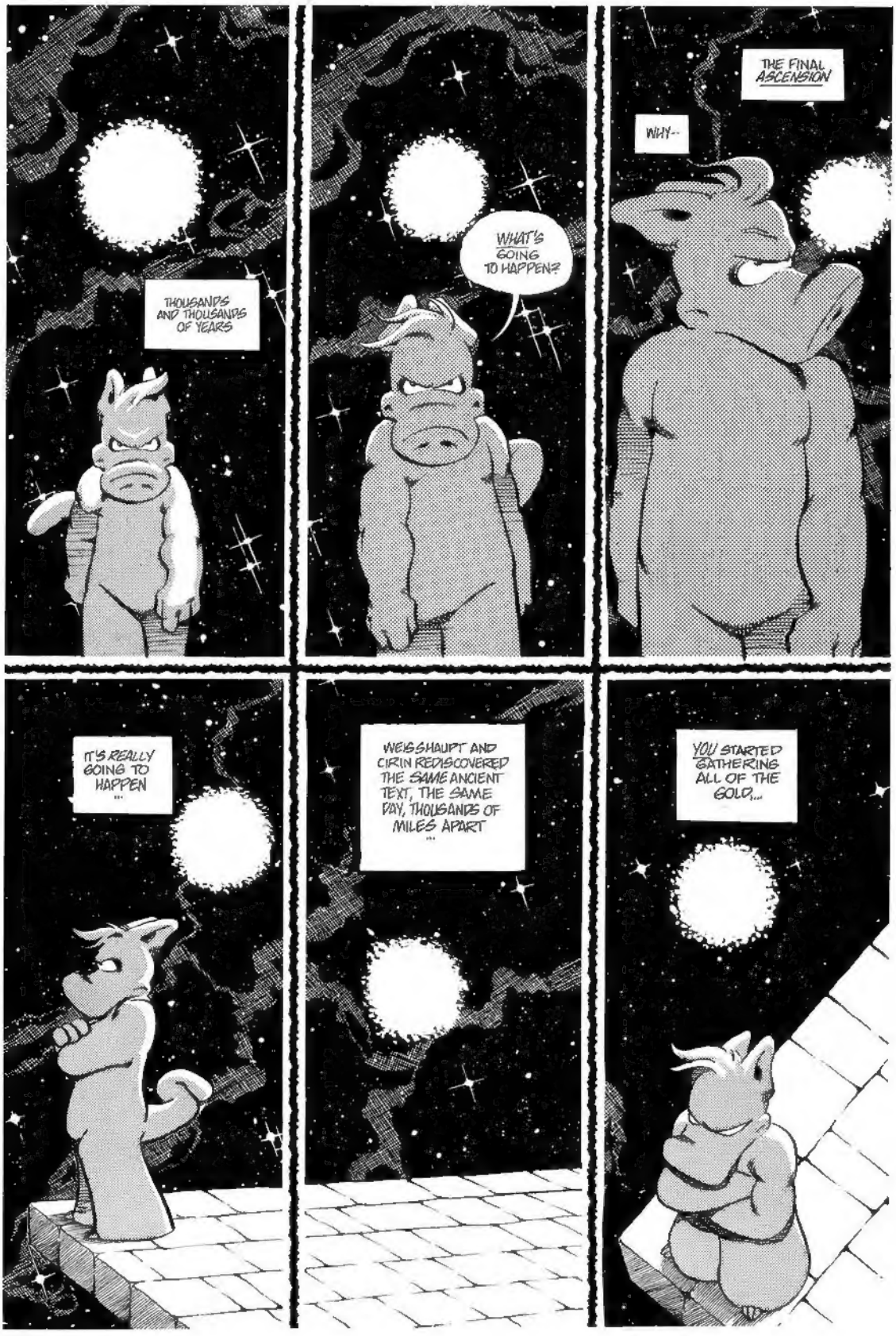
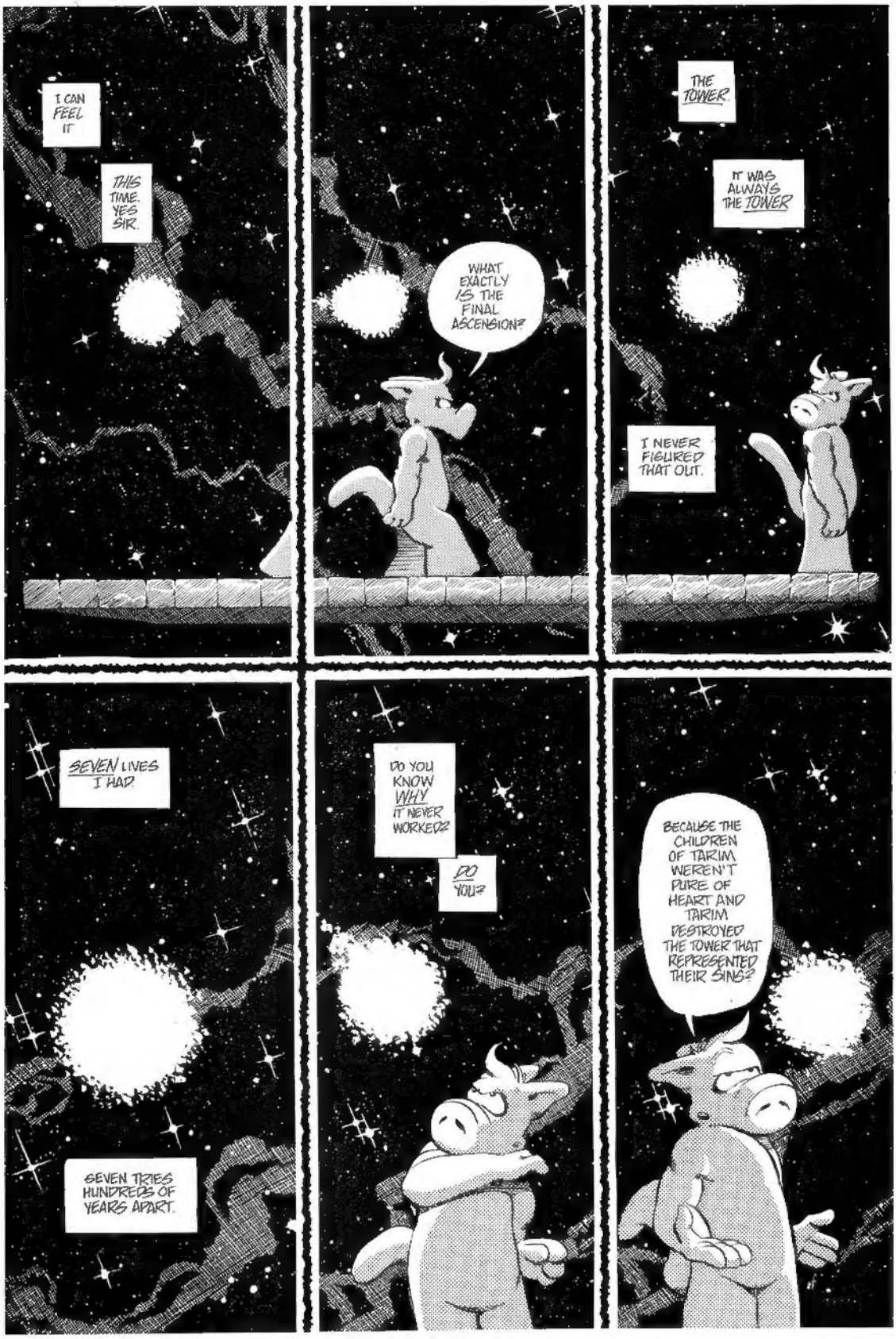
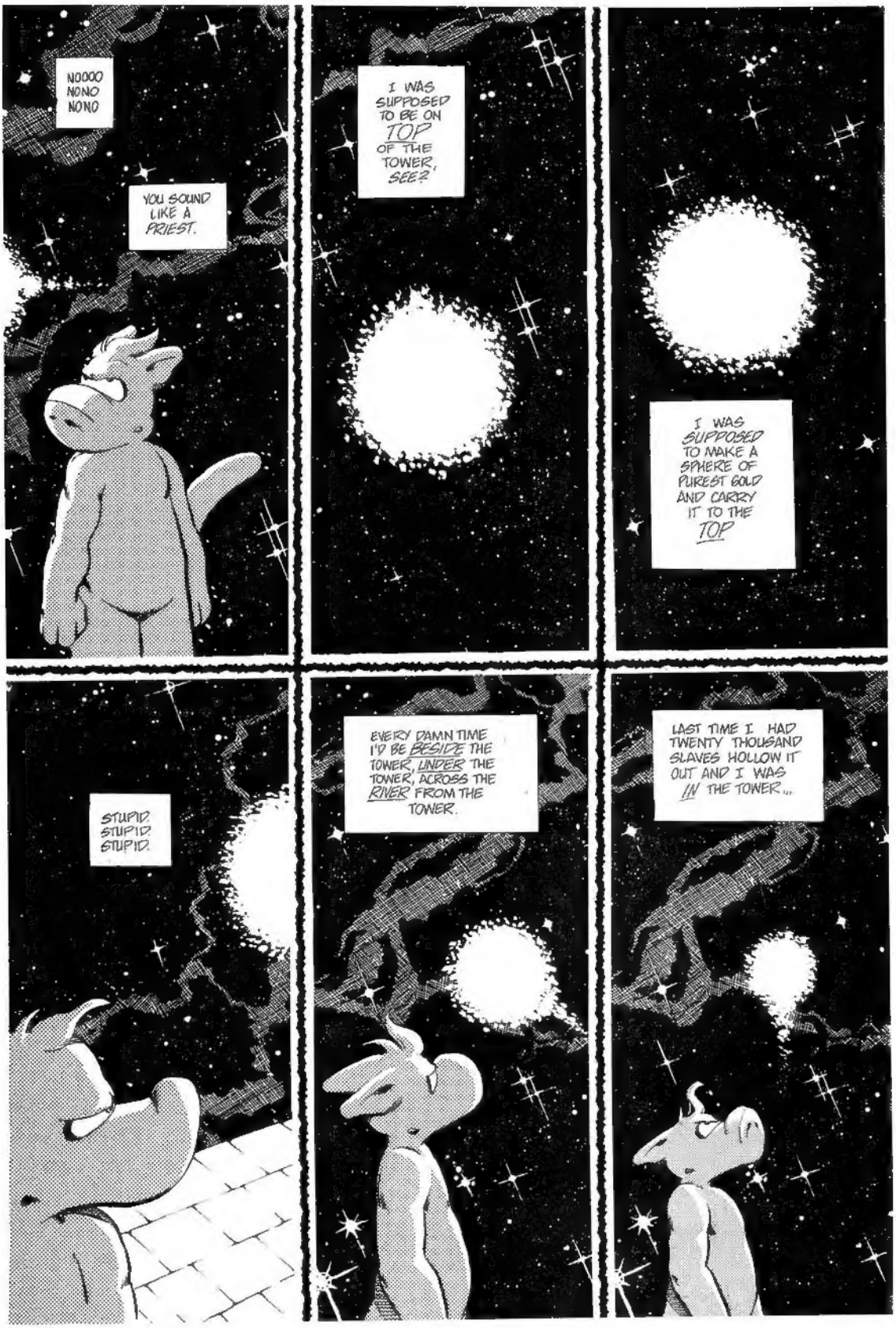
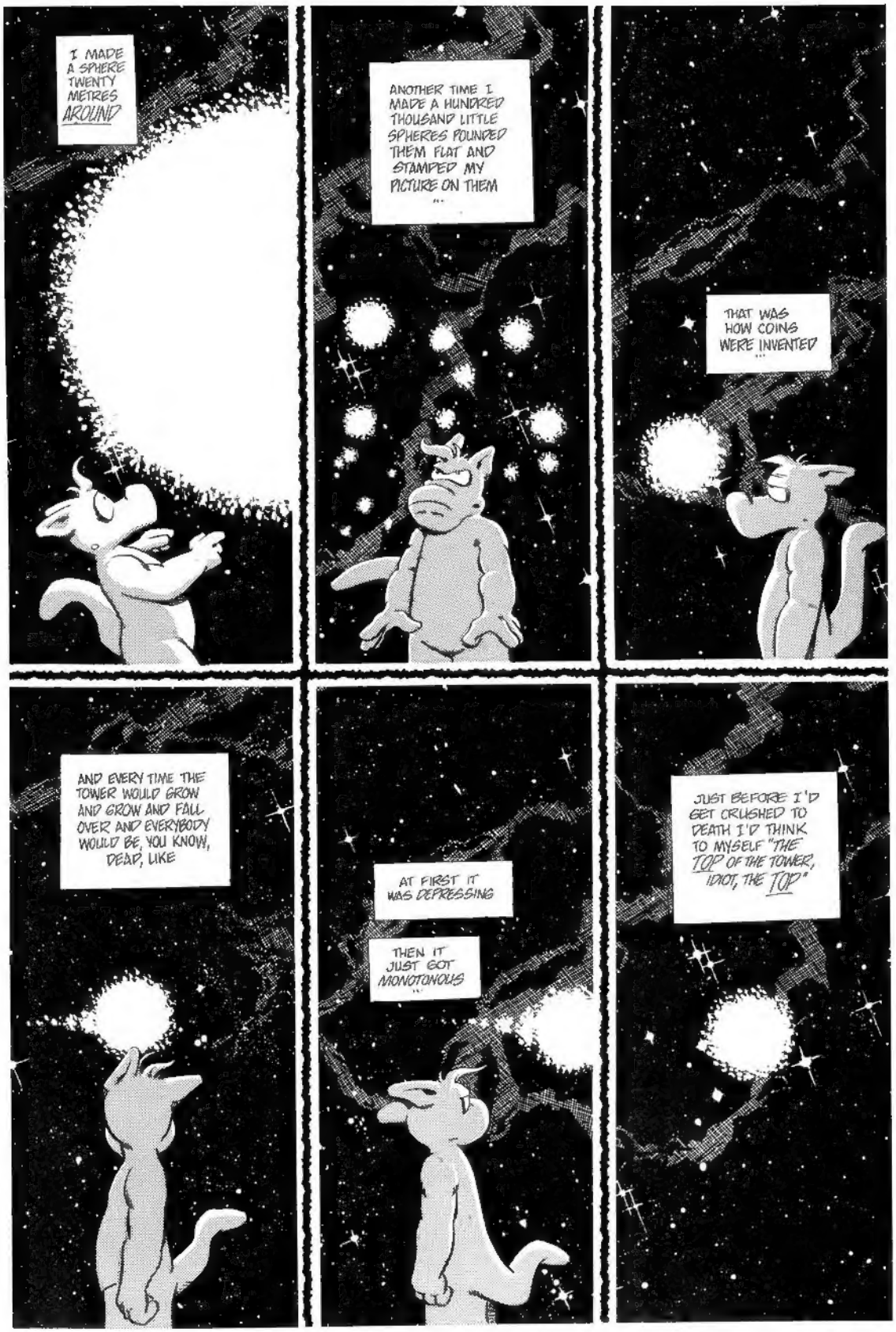
WELL WELL WELL
SO IT'S FINALLY GOING TO HAPPEN.
TALKING TO TARN
CAN YOU IMAGINE?
Whew.

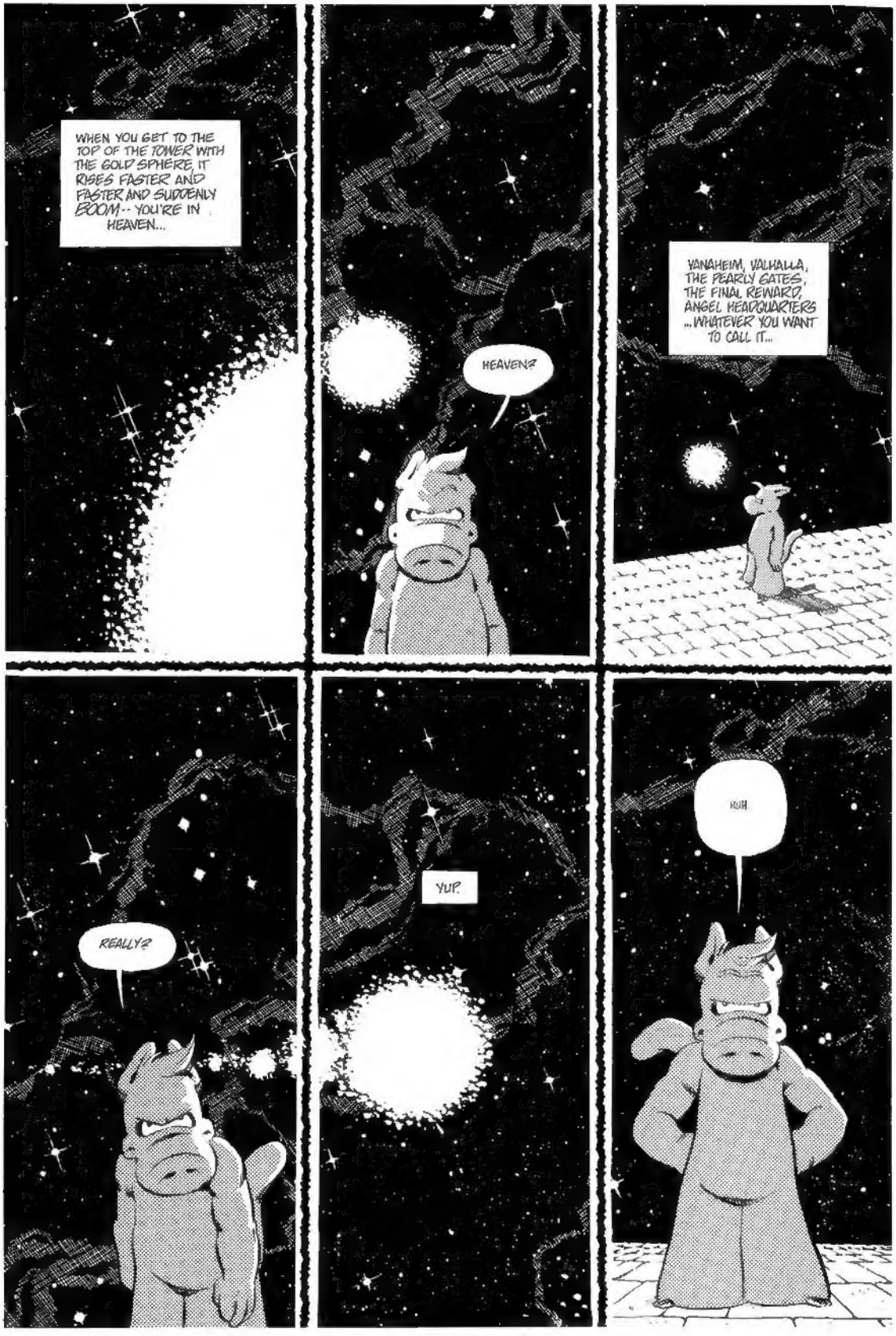

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS
WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?
THE FINAL ASCENSION
WHY--
IT'S REALLY GOING TO HAPPEN ...
WEISSHAUPT AND CIRIN REDISCOVERED THE SAME ANCIENT TEXT, THE SAME DAY, THOUSANDS OF MILES APART ...
YOU STARTED GATHERING ALL OF THE GOLD...

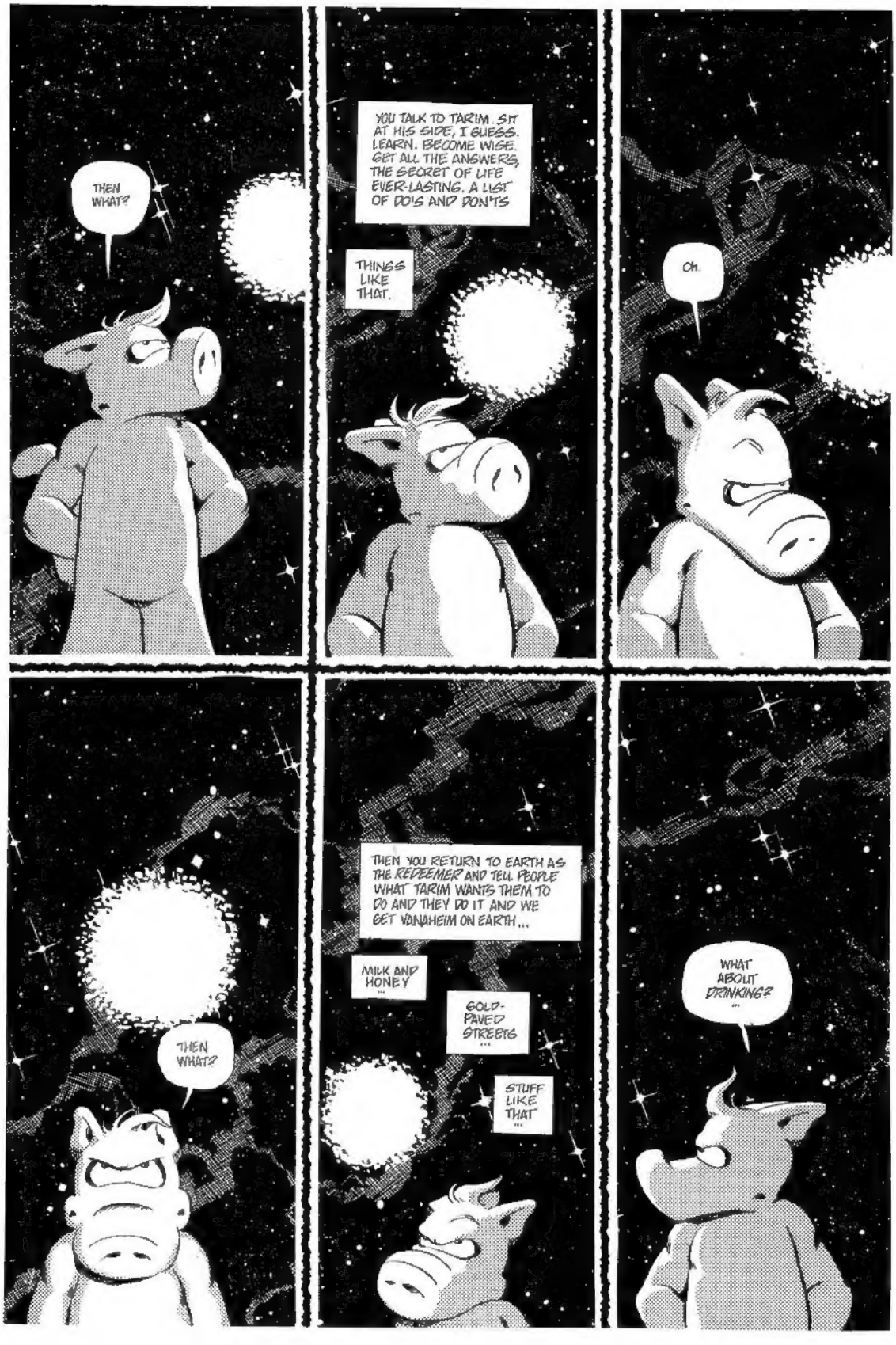

I CAN FEEL IT
THIS TIME. YES SIR.
WHAT EXACTLY IS THE FINAL ASCENSION?
THE TOWER
IT WAS ALWAYS THE TOWER
I NEVER FIGURED THAT OUT.
SEVEN LIVES I HAD
SEVEN TRIES HUNDREDS OF YEARS APART.
DO YOU KNOW WHY IT NEVER WORKED?
DO YOU?
BECAUSE THE CHILDREN OF TARIM WEREN'T PURE OF HEART AND TARIM DESTROYED THE TOWER THAT REPRESENTED THEIR SINS?

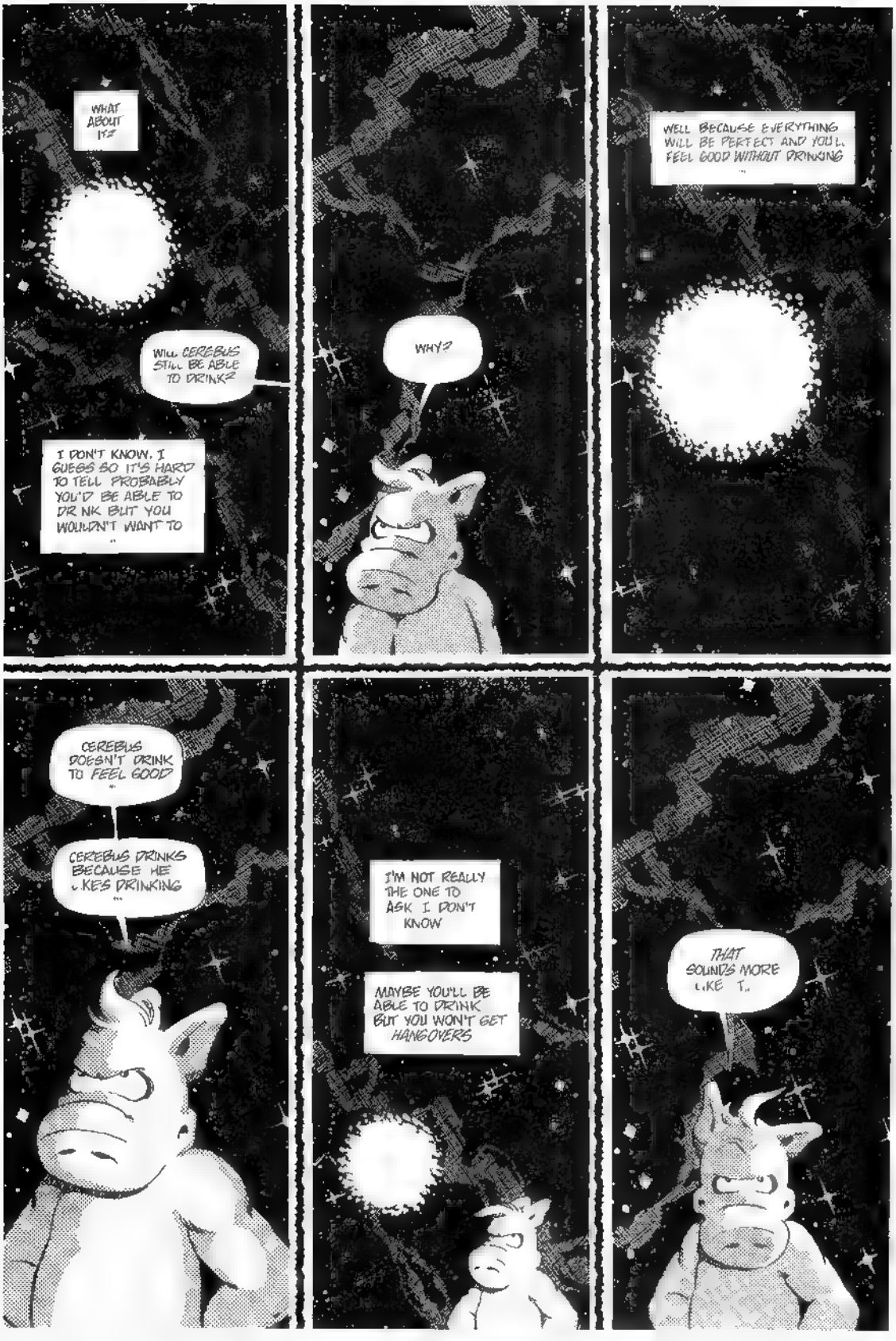

NOOOO NONO NONO
YOU SOUND LIKE A PRIEST.
I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON TOP OF THE TOWER, SEE?
I WAS SUPPOSED TO MAKE A SPHERE OF PUREST GOLD AND CARRY IT TO THE TOP
STUPID. STUPID. STUPID.
EVERY DAMN TIME I'D BE BESIDE THE TOWER, UNDER THE TOWER, ACROSS THE RIVER FROM THE TOWER.
LAST TIME I HAD TWENTY THOUSAND SLAVES HOLLOW IT OUT AND I WAS IN THE TOWER...


I MADE A SPHERE TWENTY METRES AROUND
ANOTHER TIME I MADE A HUNDRED THOUSAND LITTLE SPHERES POUNDED THEM FLAT AND STAMPED MY PICTURE ON THEM
THAT WAS HOW COINS WERE INVENTED
AND EVERY TIME THE TOWER WOULD GROW AND GROW AND FALL OVER AND EVERYBODY WOULD BE, YOU KNOW, DEAD, LIKE
AT FIRST IT WAS DEPRESSING
THEN IT JUST GOT MONOTONOUS
JUST BEFORE I'D GET CRUSHED TO DEATH I'D THINK TO MYSELF "THE TOP OF THE TOWER, IDIOT, THE TOP"

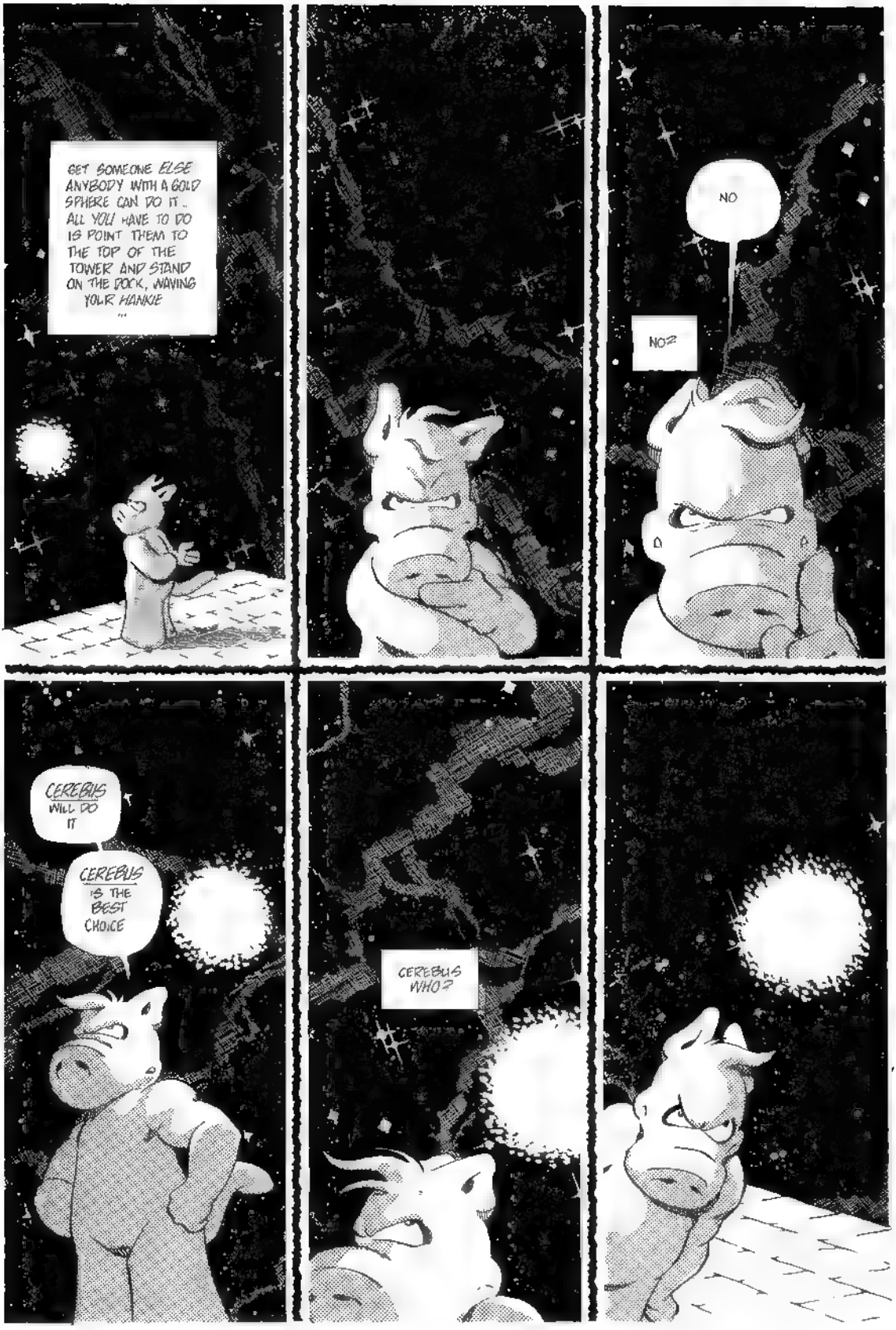
A FEW HUNDRED YEARS WOULD GO BY; I'D BE REBORN AND I'D FORGET ABOUT THE TOP COMPLETELY...
AYE?
WELL-- YOU KNOW HOW BABIES ARE ...
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BREAST THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD TO MAKE YOU FORGET IMPORTANT STUFF
YOU KNOW?
AYE.
YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD CEREBUS WHAT THE FINAL ASCENSION IS


WHEN YOU GET TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER WITH THE GOLD SPHERE, IT RISES FASTER AND FASTER AND SUDDENLY BOOM-- YOU'RE IN HEAVEN...
HEAVEN?
VANAHEIM, VALHALLA, THE PEARLY GATES, THE FINAL REWARD, ANGEL HEADQUARTERS ...WHATEVER YOU WANT TO CALL IT...
REALLY?
YUP.
HUH


THEN WHAT?
YOU TALK TO TARIM. SIT AT HIS SIDE, I GUESS. LEARN. BECOME WISE. GET ALL THE ANSWERS, THE SECRET OF LIFE EVER-LASTING, A LIST OF DO'S AND DON'TS
THINGS LIKE THAT.
Oh.
THEN WHAT?
THEN YOU RETURN TO EARTH AS THE REDEEMER AND TELL PEOPLE WHAT TARIM WANTS THEM TO DO AND THEY DO IT AND WE GET VANAHEIM ON EARTH...
MILK AND HONEY ...
GOLD-PAVED STREETS ...
STUFF LIKE THAT ...
WHAT ABOUT DRINKING? ...

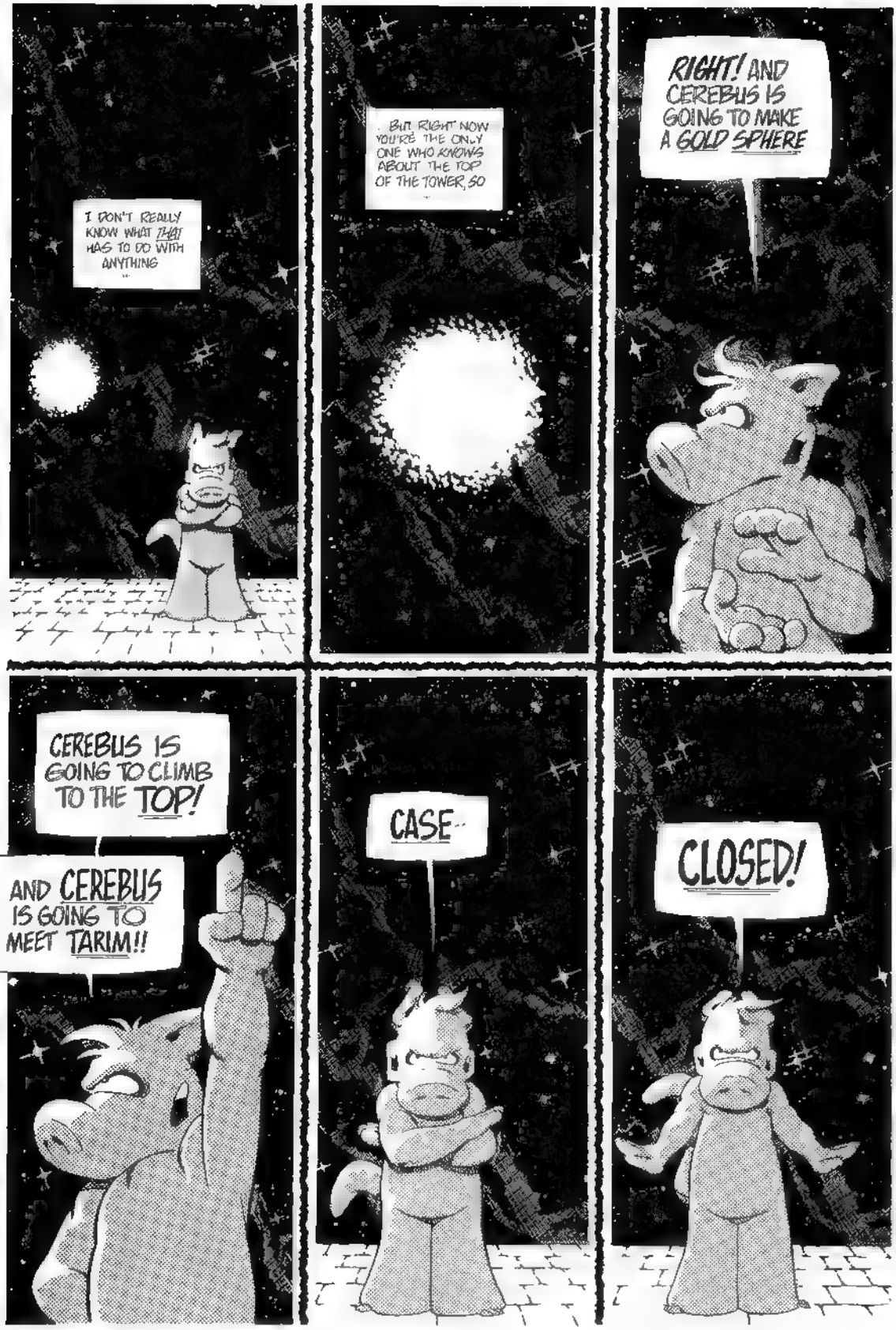

WHAT ABOUT IT?
WILL CEREBUS STILL BE ABLE TO DRINK?
I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS SO. IT'S HARD TO TELL. PROBABLY YOU'D BE ABLE TO DRINK BUT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO
WHY?
WELL BECAUSE EVERYTHING WILL BE PERFECT AND YOU'LL FEEL GOOD WITHOUT DRINKING
CEREBUS DOESN'T DRINK TO FEEL GOOD?
CEREBUS DRINKS BECAUSE HE LIKES DRINKING
I'M NOT REALLY THE ONE TO ASK. I DON'T KNOW
MAYBE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DRINK BUT YOU WON'T GET HANGOVERS
THAT SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT.

DON'T QUOTE ME LIKE I SAY, THAT'S OUT OF MY LEAGUE
..
I'M A MESSIAH
I M NOT TARIM
IF IT MEANS CEREBUS CAN'T DRINK CEREBUS DOESN T WANT TO GO TO VANAHEIM
..
WHO SAID YOU HAD TO..?
WELL...
.. UH

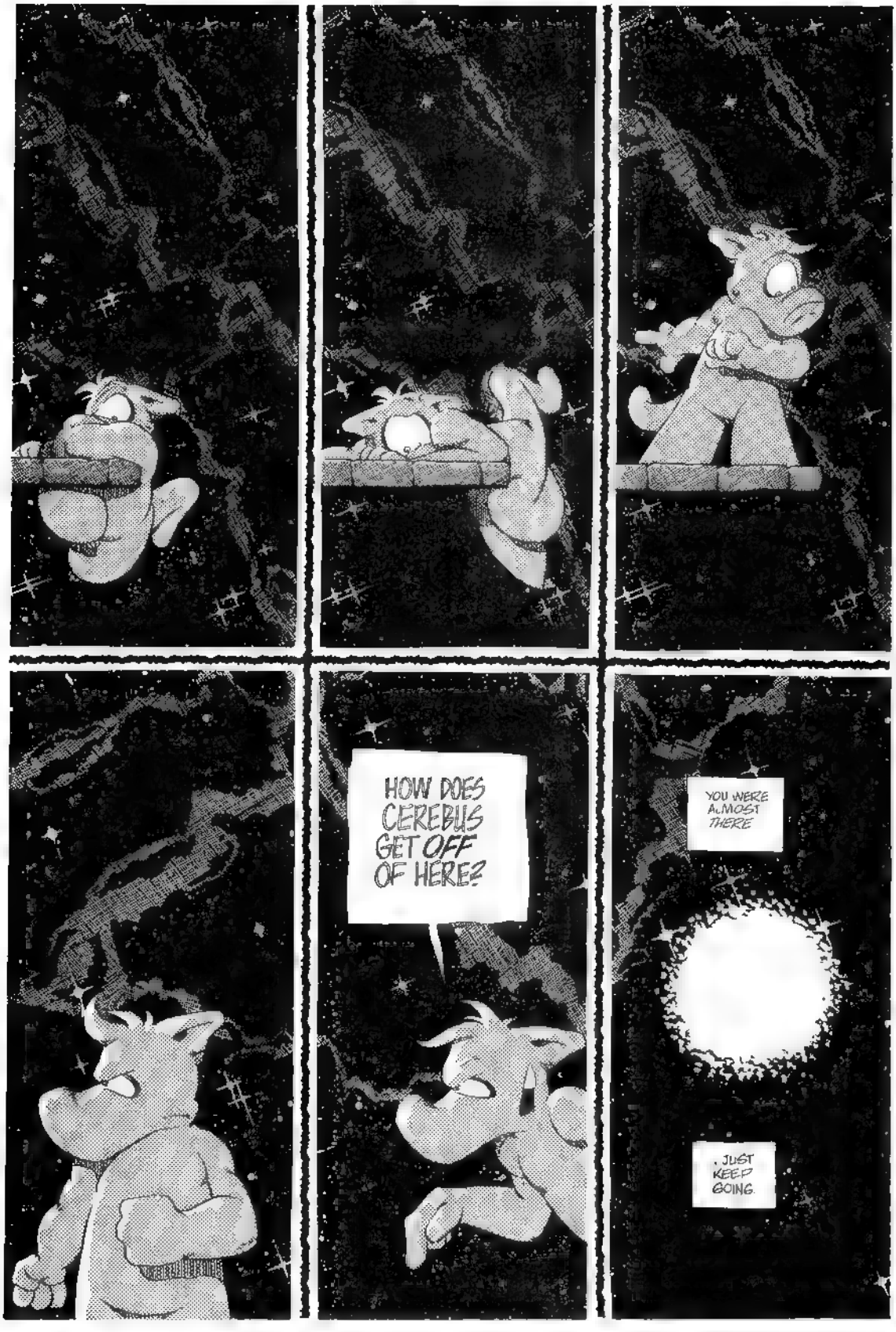

GET SOMEONE ELSE ANYBODY WITH A GOLD SPHERE CAN DO IT.. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS POINT THEM TO THE TOP OF THE TOWER AND STAND ON THE DOCK, WAVING YOUR HANKIE ...
NO
NO?
CEREBUS WILL DO IT
CEREBUS IS THE BEST CHOICE
CEREBUS WHO?

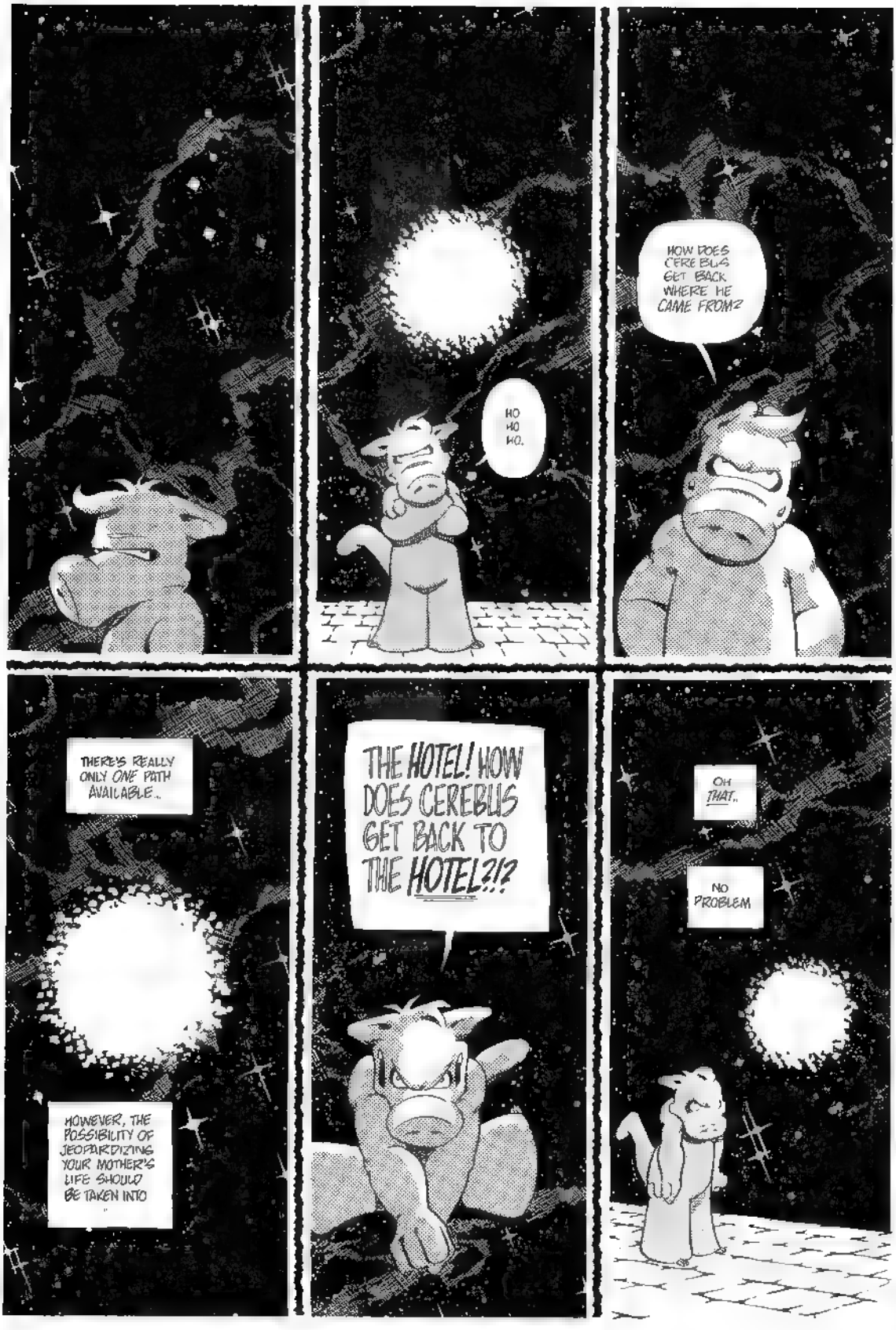
CEREBUS THE POPE! CEREBUS THE PRIME MINISTER! CEREBUS THE ONE WHO KILLED THE FALSE TARIM!!!
WHO ELSE?!?
WHO?!
WELL ANYBODY THAT'S WHAT I'M SAYING...
IT'S VERY DEMOCRATIC
VERY WHAT?
REPUBLICAN
YOU MEAN ANYBODY? EVEN THE PEASANTS AND LIVESTOCK?!?
THAT CRAP ASTORIA BELIEVES IN?
YOU GOT IT ACE

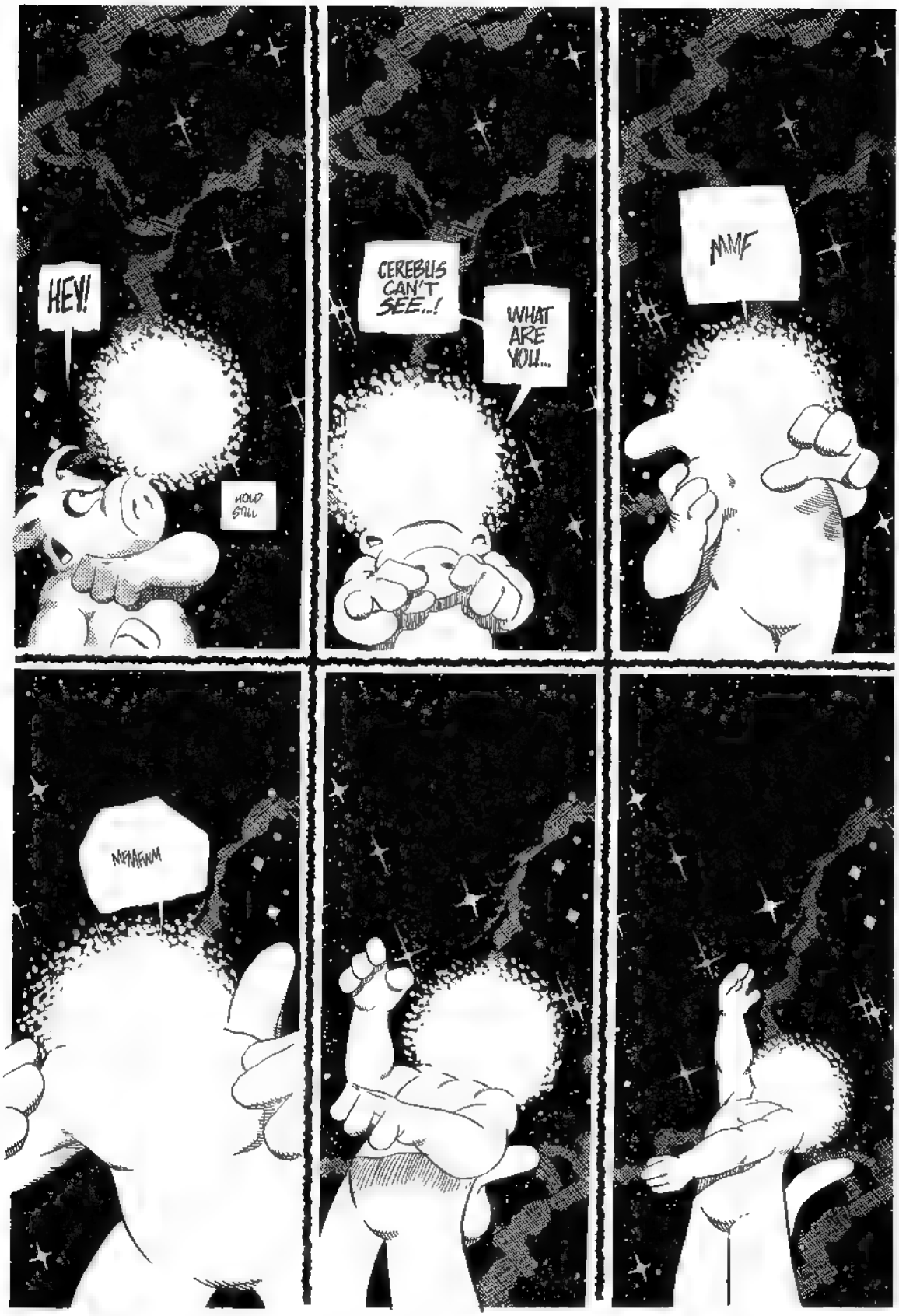
THAT'S CRAZY! TARIM DOESN'T WANT JUST ANYBODY FOR HIS REDEEMER
WHY NOT? I MEAN IF YOU'RE TARIM ANYBODY IS 'JUST ANYBODY'
EVERYBODY'S A NOBODY
EVERYBODY MAY BE NOBODY AND ANYBODY MAY BE 'JUST ANYBODY' BUT CEREBUS ISN'T!!
...SN'T WHAT?
EVERYBODY!!
NOBODY!!
ANYBODY!!
CEREBUS IS CEREBUS! CEREBUS IS MOST HOLY-- CEREBUS IS THE GREAT CEREBUS!

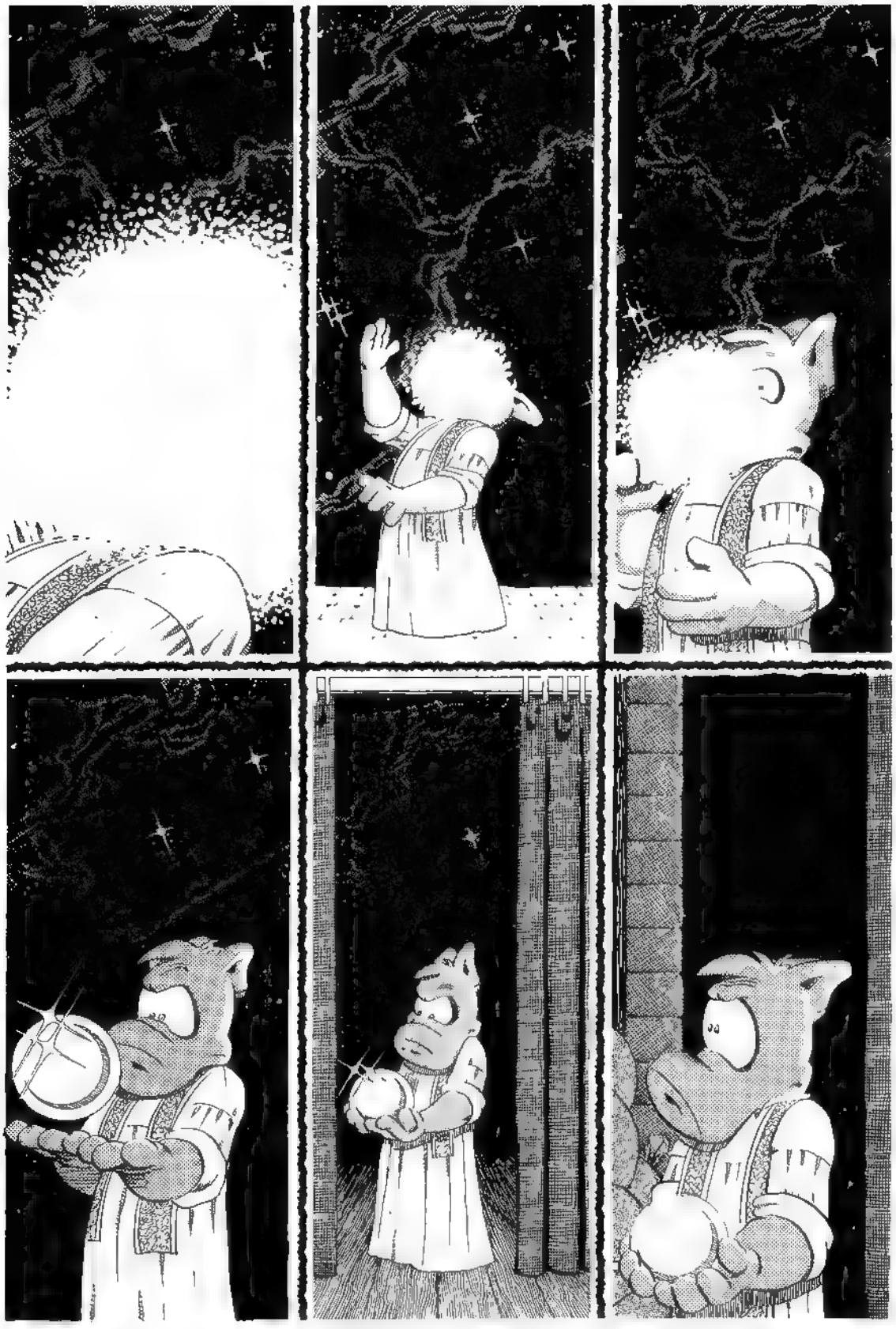

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH ANYTHING
BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT THE TOP OF THE TOWER, SO
RIGHT! AND CEREBUS IS GOING TO MAKE A GOLD SPHERE
CEREBUS IS GOING TO CLIMB TO THE TOP!
AND CEREBUS IS GOING TO MEET TARIM!!
CASE
CLOSED!

STOMP STOMP STOMP


HOW DOES CEREBUS GET OFF OF HERE?
YOU WERE ALMOST THERE
. JUST KEEP GOING.


HO HO HO.
HOW DOES CERE BUS GET BACK WHERE HE CAME FROM?
THERE'S REALLY ONLY ONE PATH AVAILABLE..
HOWEVER, THE POSSIBILITY OF JEOPARDIZING YOUR MOTHER'S LIFE SHOULD BE TAKEN INTO
THE HOTEL! HOW DOES CEREBUS GET BACK TO THE HOTEL?!?
OH THAT..
NO PROBLEM


HEY!
HOLD STILL
CEREBUS CAN'T SEE...!
WHAT ARE YOU...
MMF
NGNGNGNM



NEXT
ZUDETY
WITH
TENURE

COLLEEN DORAN

So, having grown weary of being asked "When is Jam #2 coming out?", I've decided to cancel the book and just print the stories as they are completed. Since Colleen's has been done for many months now, hers is first. I'm now going to get asked "When's the next Cerebus Jam back-up coming out?", but at least it's a different question.

"The Applicant" is based on a conversation Colleen and I had after she had had dinner with Jo Duffy and a certifiably-vile-and-lecherous-New-York-City-editor-for-one-of-the-Big-Two-who-shall-be-although-hanging's-too-good-for-him-nameless.

I've made it into a giggle here, but that in no way diminishes the fact that there are a lot of major sleazeballs in this business running around loose with "Myth of the Heroic Rapist" videos playing in their heads.

I admit I thought Colleen was over-reacting and/or exaggerating (I'm not exactly Alan Alda or Phil Donahue), but having talked to a number of female-type professionals, the practice is wide-spread enough to cause concern. I recommend at conventions when young girls are showing me their portfolios that they recognize the dangers that they face. Keep all contact with editor/art director/publisher types strictly public i.e. you don't want to go to his room/go to the bar/go for dinner to talk about any projects. Stay at the site of the convention. If you're there with friends, keep them with you at all times when asking someone to critique your work. Be aware of how good your stuff is and if someone starts talking like you're the next Al Williamson, take it with a grain of salt.

Which sounds like the perfect solution, until you realize that Colleen was with Jo Duffy and should have been safe. "Power corrupts..." and all that.

Like I say, I'm no Alan Alda, but "no" for an answer means "no" -- not "maybe" or "let's wrestle" or "yes, but you have to talk me into it," or "yes, but you have to beat me two falls out of three".

It bothers me that it is enough of an issue that instead of saying what a joy it was to ink Colleen's work that I had to go all political here. I know the subject is important enough to Colleen that she will understand, but I wish it wasn't necessary.

It's rape and sexual assault under the law. Period

And no one is exempt, no matter their position of authority. No one.

Instant Karma's going to get you guys, so knock it off.

And now, our story.

the applicant

HAH!

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO GET A DRINK AROUND HERE?!
YES, MISS
COMING, MISS
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, MISS?
NOTHING! I DON'T WANT ANYTHING FROM ANYONE...
JUST- LEAVE ME- ALONE!!
YES, MISS
SORRY
AWFULLY SORRY..

HEYuh HEYuh HEYuh
CEREBUS OLD PAL! WHERE'D Y'FIND THE- WADDAYACALL -LOCAL TALENT?
HUBBA HUBBA
HOWZABOUT YOU SIT IN OL' BEAR'S LAP, DEARIE, AND WE'LL...
WADDAYACALL
TALK ABOUT THE FIRST THING THAT COMES UP
KA-BOOM
MPH!
AND THEY WONDER WHY THE BIRTHRATE IS DECLINING
AYE

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AARDVARK COMMENT

P.O. BOX 1674, STATION 'C', KITCHENER, ONTARIO N2G 4R2

Dear Dave:
Well, at first I was going to write a letter explaining why Cerebus #89 sucked nuclear weasel penises, with no Notes from the President, no letter column, and another goddam useless dream issue that was obviously whipped up in no time at all, but then I remembered your essay from a few issues back, where you stridently declared that Cerebus was **yours**, and that if we didn't like it, well, we just didn't have to buy it, even though we **gotta** shell out almost two bucks for a B & W comic that's the width of an anti-smoking pamphlet, just to keep up our collections, but hell, that's not **your** fault, is it? So forget that..

Then I thought: Why not type out this really great joke I heard about this Roman Catholic nun and these two wacky leprechauns, because it's really funny, and I'm sure that everyone would get a good laugh out of it, but then I thought: Hey, I'm not getting paid to entertain the troops here, **you** are! So forget that, too....

I could be a nice guy, and go on about what a terrific book Night Life is, giving a good, (and free) massive plug for Derek McCulloch's great new series from Strawberry Jam Press, and urge all the nice people who read Cerebus to also give Night Life a try, but then I thought Well I'm sure that Paul Stockton has already done that, and besides, if Derek accepts my back-up submissions, and they get published, everyone will accuse me of tooting my own horn, and everyone will call me a sneaky, devious wussy behind my back. Uh uh

So finally, I hit upon the idea of sending you a picture of my birthday cake for **this** year, but my girlfriend said "no way" because of the nasty way you treated her **last** year, and she didn't make a cake this time around **at all**!!! My 27th birthday, and I didn't even get a cake, thanks to you! It's ruined forever....

So what do you have to say for yourself, now?

Sincerely yours;
Mark Haden Frazer
W39700 Sunnyfield Drive,
Oconomowoc, WI., 53066

Are you still going out with that airhead? (I agree with you about** Night Life **and I'm going to add a recommendation for** Nerve Comics **which is $1.25 in the U.S. and $1.75 in Canada. Two issues out. Add fifty cents per book for postage. I can't recommend it highly enough. Bill Widener's "Go-man" and Heather McAdams "Mid-Life Crisis").

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:

Just got back from a boring party (where none of those cute hard-core punkettes paid me any attention), sat around ruminating about my recent run of hard luck, and I thought of you.

Bought issue #87 of Cerebus ★ Melodrama ★ Expensive ★ yesterday morning (along with The Dark Knight Falls -- no coincidence?) and loved them both brutally. Saw where you and Frank and that Chaykin guy made The Atlantic Monthly last month. Loved that too. The high-class, ultra-yuppie recognition is long overdue.

As to Cerebus #87, only one disappointment: the revelation that it will likely take another 20 issues or so to see how all this madness resolves. And only one thing to complain about: what Dave Sim is saying in Notes from the President and Aardvark Comment is getting more interesting than what happens in the Cerebus storyline itself.

I buy the book for Cerebus, because I like him and I want to see what happens to him. As for Dave Sim, as long as he is alive and well and producing the book, I don't much care about **him**. My advice as a reader and consumer is this: stay in the background. Stay out of the lettercol as much as possible and use the inside cover column as a teaser. I don't care about your attitude toward comic conventions and book signings; I don't attend them and I don't want your signature. I don't care about the lettercol (unless you print mine, of course); I just want to read the story and admire the art. I don't care about your appearances; I don't want to meet you (and living within an hour of Charlotte, I've had ample opportunity). I don't care about Cerebus T-shirts and buttons; I'm too cheap to buy them. I know there are those readers who do care, so by all means advertise whatever you like. But those **potential** readers who also get things like the Atlantic will no doubt share my attitude, at least in part.

So actually, I applaud your sentiments in Aardvark Comment this time. It **is** your book and your right to whatever artistic freedom the book affords you. But, as for this reader, all I care about is the story and the attitudes, ideas and personality of its creator revealed through it. You are at the top of your class; you have nothing to prove except that you can improve. Improve your already powerful talent, and the quality and impact of your work. Though I'm no Cerebus scholar and am unfamiliar with most of the current supporting characters, I see the quality of the whole still shining through.

Thanks, and keep it up.

Mark Gabriel
Hickory, N.C.

P.S.: Forgive me, I almost forgot to mention Gerhard. My Cerebus collection starts with #65 and I consider his contribution priceless. As well as that of Ms. McKiel, whose apparent business sense should enable us to read Cerebus for many years to come. And save your butt.

Cute, hard-core punkettes are over-rated for the most part. As to not being interested in me, just in the book, I could use thirty-thousand more of you.

****

Dear Dave and Gerhard,

While re-reading my Cerebus's (Cerebii?) I noticed that Cerebus never seems to-to-you know, nudge nudge, wink wink and all that (issue #10 especially!)

Well, apart from his wedding night **but** he was drugged 12 times?!?

Now, I'm not saying you should turn this into a smut comic; I have noted that you are **not** a T & A artist, (tastefully declining on many an occasion, I might add) but I am awfully worried about Cerebus's libido.

Fortunately, I have the answer – a female aardvark!! Brilliant yet simple, isn't it. Coincidentally, I just **happen** to have a female aardvark and if you pop down to Oz for the Sydney convention, stay a few days with us in Brissy.

We can do the niteclubs, generally run amok and let Cerebus and my pet termite cruncher "get on with it" if-you-know-what-I-mean, I-think-you-do.....

Until next letter when I tell you what the T.C.C. below means and how it relates to you,

I remain,

Sir Geoff Houtman
Instigator T.C.C.
9/24 Chambers Flats Road,
Loganlea, Brisbane
4204, Australia

P.S. Someone asked whether there was a map. #6 and #10 have maps that I know of.

P.P.S. Donna says hello!!! (She's the gorgeous lady, not the aardvark)

P.P.P.S. Hsiffies isn't pronounced "siffees" as in syphyli – no, no, couldn't be.

Maybe we can fit the Sydney Convention into the World Tour. You Ozzies seem severely not normal.

****

Dear Dave,

I'm writing to thank you and Gerhard for visiting our shop during your U.K. Tour. We really appreciated it and everyone who turned up enjoyed your visit. If you ever come on tour here again you'll be most welcome at "The House on the Borderland". We hope to have bigger premises which will be easier to locate by then, so that if you should come we can throw an all day party for you both.

Pete and Jill and I were sorry to miss your end of tour party, but illness struck the day after your visit, so we were left stranded in Peterborough and that's a fate worse than death!

Our toilet key and our rastajanan friend went missing the day after you left. We don't blame you NOW but we were suspicious at the time. We suspected that you might be trying to take them back to Canada with you to display as trophies of your U.K. Tour '86. Pete was all for phoning Birmingham and demanding his key back, but he thought that you might get a bad reputation, so he refrained from doing it. The key turned up the same day, the rasta turned up five days later in prison (he's out now).

Anyway, thanks again from Pete and myself, Dave and Jill and all at "The House of the Borderland".

Take Care,

Jayne Wells
The House on the Borderland
107B Cromwell Road,
Peterborough, England

And maybe we can listen to the other twelve records in your Velvet Underground boxed set. Strange, strange signing.

****

Dear Dave & Ger,

Sorry I could not catch you on the U.K. Tour but I hope you enjoyed yourselves and that you were treated like young Gods throughout.

I don't know if this will reach you because I have just been informed that the post-box I have been using for the last seven years is in fact, a telephone box.

All the best,

Tony Penny
Address witheld upon request

Hello? Hello? Who is this?

****

Mr. Sim -

As an albino comics-fan, I cannot help but be insulted by your portrayal of albinos through "Elrod of Melvinbone". Use of phrases like "albino cutles" frankly makes me ill. It is obvious that if you were an albino, you would not be making light of such things. You would be stumbling around the room dripping spittle, like the rest of us alb's. That is to say, drooling.

Where, I mean where do you get off talking like that, son?

Dave, I'll be honest. I'm not an albino. Just wanted to make sure you weren't developing compassion, or something spelled similarly. (No pun intended.) Actually, it's me, Arneas Freagle, Last of the Midnight Scumrunners again.

Dave, we who know that the Eye in the Pyramid comes right before the "d", are fully aware that Cerebus is still hilarious. Also, that you are still an asshole. What else is new? It has been a non-too-recently established custom of yours to defend both these points in your editorials. Bitch if you want.

We still buy Cerebus. We still love Cerebus. Some of us even go so far as to use Cerebus like a woman, but even in my circles this is frowned upon. (Spitting on comic books decreases their resale value). Dave, there are thousands of us Rest assured.

Phranim to you,

Freagle
Now Arizona, of all places

The fact that there are thousands of you gives me no rest, assured or otherwise.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,
I really like your show, but I think you should let Paul and the band play more. And how about making Larry "Bud" Melman the co-host.

Strawberry Jam Forever,

Paul Stockton
2350 Dundas Street West,
Toronto, Ontario

That's it for the Strange Torontonian letters segment. We'll be back in a few minutes with Harvey Pekar and our Late Night Thrill Cam.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave:
Sorry this piece of paper is so dirty, but I need to save my clean sheets for my English essay

Did you know that I've been having dreams with you lately? Seriously, I've had several. The first was about a week ago. In the dream I was talking to Gerhard. I asked him, "Hey, Gerhard, can we be soulmates? Huh? HUH???" Gerhard was looking doubtful, when suddenly you appeared and dragged him away by the collar, shouting, "C'mon, Spunky, get away from that weirdo! We've got work to do."

Strange? Yeah, I know. The next one was last night. In this dream I went to my local comic shop and found that issue #89 was already in (along with all the remaining issues of Elektra: Assasin). Suddenly you appeared, shouting, "There!! Happy now???" Upon close inspection I discovered that the issue was filled with stick figures of George Thorogood.

I won't attempt to analyze these dreams (luckily for you, I'm sure). On the most simplistic level, they are tantamount to just how much aardvark I've got on the brain. On a more complex level, well, they probably don't reveal much of anything. But.....

Hey Gerhard? Need a soulmate? Huh? HUH?"

By the by, Dave, in the last issue you said that I'd probably be reading issue #89 by last October. Well, it's November 3rd now. I didn't get the last issue until about three weeks ago, yet you wrote your intro on Sept. 1st. I realize that California is a long way from Ontario, but what the fuck?

Where's Mike Bannon?

Dude, see you later,

Hugh Bonar
170 Coburn Street,
Sierra Madre, CA., 91024

The months are disappearing out from under me. Just when we manage to get ahead, we fall behind. I'll get the hang of this yet.

★★★★★★★★★★

Dear Dave,
I really love reading Cerebus in big chunks. Even the Swords of Cerebus volumes are too much of a quick read compared to High Society. (I bought 2 copies from which you might infer that I'd likewise obtain 2 copies of the rest of your work in similar packages (even though I have several sets of Swords of Cerebus) I sure hope you are planning to not only print the post High Society issues in large chunks, but are planning to reprint the pre-HS issues under one cover as well.

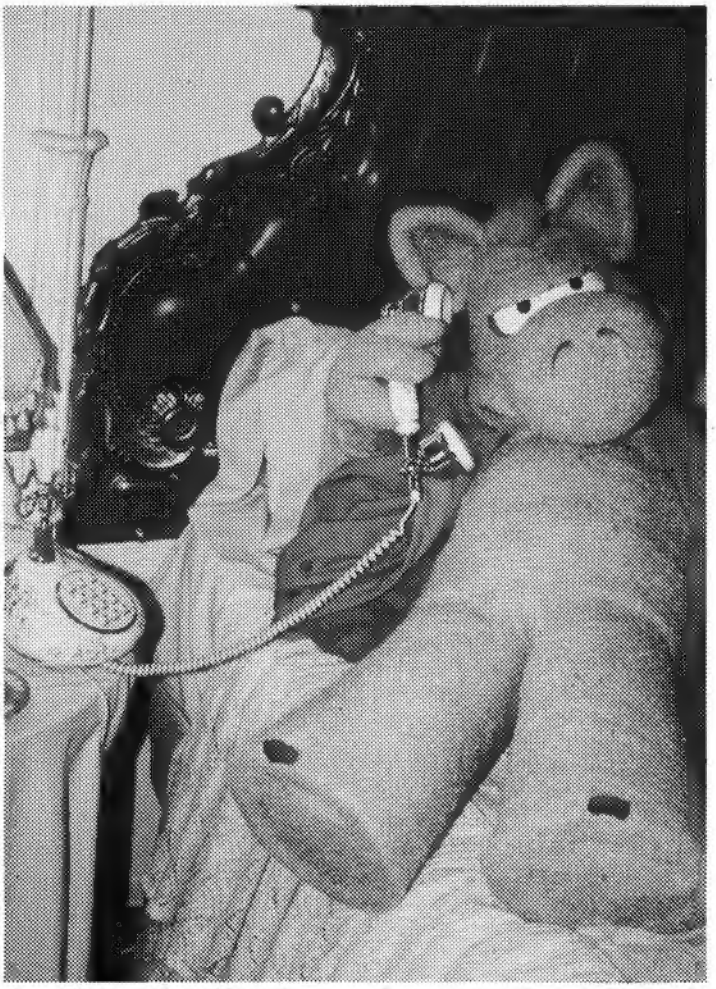
I've reread the first three books of Church and State a book at a time. Still too short. Perhaps books one and two under one cover and books three and four likewise. (I have yet to reread The Sacred Wars being only up to issue #88. After what happened (What Happened!?) to Astoria, I am eagerly awaiting developments in book five). (Question: What will happen to issue #51 when you're reprinting? Was it only an experimental issue done obligatory to a "promise" you'd made in an early letter column, I believe, to have Elrod, Cerebus, and Lord Julius locked together in a closet? When the issue arrived, you'd added Duke Leonardi and Lord Rodney (and parenthetically the Fleagle Bros.) to ship's hold (when Cerebus mistakenly calls a closet) for a round of "Dueling Schticks". Will it be dropped or used, perhaps, as a prologue to the 1st volume of Church and State?) This would be a 12/13 issue volume one and a 25 issue volume two. These would be good sized chunks of the story although when one gets caught up in the characters, dialogue, pacing, and plot twists, one **still** goes ARRGGH! Upon reaching the last page of whatever segment of the epic one is reading.

As for the pre-HS issues, you could run them all under one cover (titles such as Cerebus the Wandered, Foundations of Empire, and Guide to In-Jokes spring to mind). Here is a suggestion (Boy! Just what you need) on how the back-up stories from Swords of Cerebus might be incorporated. Well, actually, "Magiking" is an up-front story which goes quite nicely where it is. "What Happened Between Issues 20 & 21" (Swords #3) could be inserted in the logical place. The rest of the back-up tales (along with "Elfguest" from issue #52 which fits better with these earlier works) could be "montaged" into one story to be inserted between issue 11 and 12 in the following manner.

"The Name of the Game is DIAMONDBACK" (Swords #1) would lead into Cerebus's best 3 weeks. Celebrating after a fun punch-up leads to "A Night on the Town" (Swords #6). Sleeping off his bender, "Cerebus Dreams" (Swords #5) and, thinking he's still dreaming, Cerebus has a visit from "Elfguests" (Issue #52). This would naturally lead to "The Morning After" sequing into issue #12 which opens with Cerebus sitting in the tavern he was sitting outside of before noon on "The Morning After". Neat, huh?

Speaking of neat, wouldn't it be nice to insert "Cerebus Dreams II" from AV in 3D between issues #66 and #67 (in b & w rather than red and green, of course)?

Mmmmm....Mmmm. Just a suggestion. Not to disuade you from the perfection of your own



Tony Bisilicatto's brilliant Cerebus muppet phones his broker from the bedroom of the Princess of Wales suite at the Birmingham Holiday Inn on the U.K. Tour.

Photo by Gerhard

plans in the matter.

Mmmmm...uh.....yes?

Warmest regards,

Dick Glass
1522 Sixth Street, #2
Santa Monica, CA., 90401

If there are no objections, this is exactly what I would like to do (more or less). Now I have to figure out if I should print Cerebus the Barbarian (1-25 plus extra stories) or Church and State Vol I (52-80) first. I think Church and State Vol. I.

****

Dear Dave,
The Grateful Dead are playing New Year's Eve. We ordered a ticket for you; if we win the ticket lottery, it's yours. We'll let you know.

Andy Freeman
Katie MacMillen
3 Coleman Pl #5,
Menlo Park, CA., 94025

P.S. You still have to sleep with a cat if you stay with either of us.

P.P.S. We'll see about Gerhard.

Can you send a photo of Katie before I make up my mind?

****

Dear Dave & Gerhard:
A letter of thanks....and congratulations is in order.

First, thank you for participation in, and support of, Mid-Ohio-Con. It is a pleasure for me to have two such popular and talented guests associated with my show. I also want to thank you and Karen for your generous support in providing the prizes for this year's door prize drawings.

Second, congratulations (and thanks too) for having contributed 1986's top money raising auction item. The original painting you created at the show was really beautiful....and Gerhard may have a promising second career as an auctioneer.

Mid-Ohio-Con for 1986 was a real record breaking success for us. A record high of $23,400.00 was raised in support of the March of Dimes. My sincere thanks for the important role you both played in this success.

I hope you will be able to join us again next year.

With Best Wishes,

Roger A Price
Division Director
Mid-Ohio-Con
37 Wood Street,
Mansfield, OHIO. 44903

Thanks, Roger. I recommend The Mid-Ohio-Con to any comics professional in search of a good, fun convention.

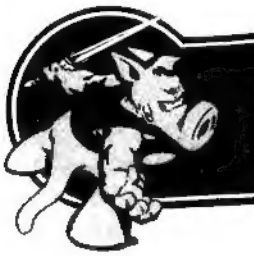
****

Hey, Dave Sim!
I was reading some of my back issues of Cerebus and was reading the responses to Joe Schreiber & Adrian Hill, and being 13 myself my first response was "Fuck You Jerk". At the age of 13 one don't have oodles of cash to throw around on comic books. I know, **all** you care about is making people laugh but this is **too** far. Sure I like Cerebus, he's funny, strange, and loveable, but for once think about something other than funny.

I don't care if you print this letter or not, but I just wanted you to know this. I guess this won't, after **all**, make me dislike the 'ol' earth pig, but it makes me dislike you, you, SNOB!

Palle Larsen
2728 Prince,
Berkeley, CA., 99705

I know man. I'm sorry. I wish I could sell the book for less to people with less money but the world doesn't work that way. If it makes you feel any better, you'll probably be able to sell it for more than you paid for it.



AARDVARK-VANAHEIM, INC.

Hi Guys,

Since the last time I wrote in this space, we have sold over half the print run on High Society. Twenty-nine hundred copies to go.

We've also extended our office hours so you can now order until 7 p.m. every evening Monday to Friday.

And lest we forget; the first edition, consisting of six thousand copies is being sold on a first-come first-serve basis by VISA and MASTERCARD phone orders, certified cheque or money order only. single copies are $20.00 US and $25.00 CDN plus $2.00 for postage, or 1 box of 18 books for $300.00 US and $400.00 CDN (boxes will be shipped UPS).

I would like to point out that there is no price marked anywhere on High Society and that many shops are ordering boxes of eighteen and marking the books up to twenty-five or thirty dollars (in the U.K. they were going for twenty-two pounds or about forty-five dollars Canadian!) Think about it.

Please call (519) 576-7820 or (519) 576-0610 if the other line is busy.

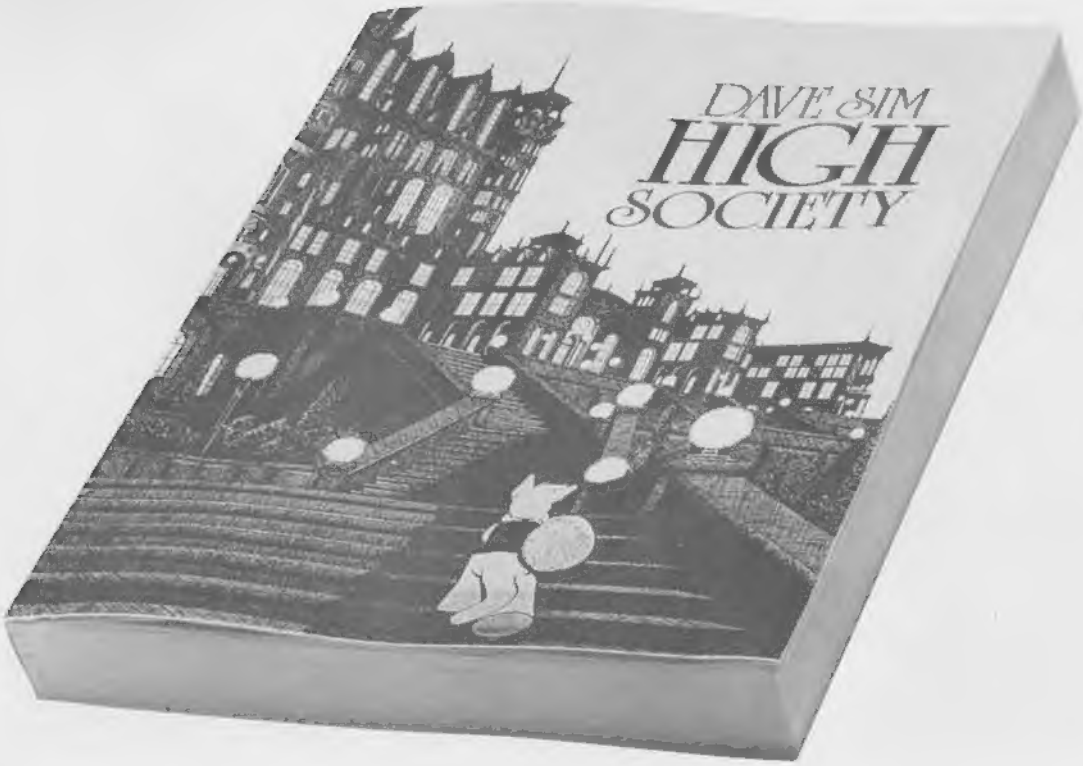
Sincerely,

Dave

Dave Sim, President
Aardvark-Vanaheim, Inc.,

BOX 1674 STATION 'C' KITCHENER ONTARIO N2G 4R2

VISA



master charge
THE INTERBANK CARD
INTERBANK

Ger and I, the high five, and the benefit picture we pencilled, inked, coloured, framed and Gerhard auctioned off (for $510 U.S.) at Mid-Ohio-Con.

Photo by Mike Pincus